The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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CONTENTS OF NO. 8.

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH 89
LIFE-WEARINESS 89
THE STILL HOUR 92
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 92
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL: THE FORGETFUL GIRL . 95
NATURAL HISTORY: CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS. II. 96
BIOGRAPHY: "THE GOOD EARL OF SHAFTESBURY" 97
LETTERS OF A SISTER: BOSTON IN THE THIRTIES 101
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN 103
MONTHLY REPORT 104

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forward to those things which are before."

Everlasting! changing never!
Of one strength, no more, no less;
Thine almightiness forever,—
All the same thy holiness;
Thee eternal,
Thee all-glorious we possess.

But we weak ones, but we sinners,
Would not in our poorness stay;
We the low ones would be winners
Of what holy height we may,
Ever nearer
To thy pure and perfect day.

Shall things withered, fashions olden
Keep us from life's flowing spring?
Waits for us the promise golden,—
Waits each new diviner thing?
Onward! Onward!
Why this faithless tarrying?

By the old aspirants glorious,
By the hearts that hoped all,
By the strivers, half victorious,
By each soul heroical,
By thy dearest,
By thy John and by thy Paul,—

By their holy, high achieving,
By their visions more divine,
By each gift of our receiving,
From these mighty ones of thine,
By the radiance
That on us from them doth shine,—

By each saving word unspoken,
By thy truth, as yet half-won,
By each idol, still unbroken,
By thy will, yet poorly done,—
Hear us! Hear us!
Our Almighty, help us on!

Nearer to thee would we venture,
Of thy truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break;
To the ages
Fair bequests and costly make.

Ours must be a nobler story
Than was ever writ before:
After-comers! dim our glory;
Be your smiles and winnings more
Everlasting!
Fuller grace incessant pour!

—*T. H. Gill.*

LIFE-WEARINESS;

OR,

WHAT MAKES LIFE EMPTY, AND WHAT MAKES IT RICH AND FULL.

What makes life seem empty, and what, on the other hand, makes it seem rich and full?

Genius, the universal artist, has painted four pictures of this disease of life-weariness and hung them in the galleries of human thought, to warn us forever of the dangers that lie in this direction of intellectual despair.

First, the genius of inspiration has painted for us, in the book of Ecclesiastes, the portrait of Solomon as the first type of this terrible disease. The book of Ecclesiastes is full of a dreary scepticism. Solomon had tried everything,—riches, power, pleasure, knowledge,—and found them all vanity; and so he went about to despair of all his labor which he had taken under the sun. Why?

Because of his gigantic egotism; because he had made himself the centre of all things, because he had brought everything—wealth, knowledge, pleasure—to Solomon to try; because he had considered the world made for him, instead of considering himself made for the world. Therefore this desperate gloom, this blackness of doubt. For it is with us in life as with the systems of Ptolemy and Copernicus. Consider your own earth in the middle of the universe, and regard all the suns, planets, and stars as moving around *you* as their centre, and the most inextricable confusion results. There is only an unmeaning going forward and backward among the planets, endless tangles of curves, without object and without result. But go out of this subjective theory, identify yourself with universal law, conceive of the sun as the centre, and your planet, as well as others, to go round it, and all becomes fair and lovely in the planetary movements, all is full of charm, and a divine order reigns in the heavens. So, when we put ourselves morally in the centre of things, and consider everything to revolve round us, all is confusion in the moral world, and not till we make God the centre, and follow his attraction in our order of obedience and faith, does order arise out of the seeming contradictions of our life.

I consider, therefore, the book of Ecclesiastes as an inspired picture of a great scepticism, born of a great self-seeking.

A second picture is given us by Shakespeare in "Hamlet." That wonderful master has shown his knowledge of human nature in nothing more than in being able to project himself out of his own time, which was one of action and endeavor, into an age not yet arrived, in which thought was in excess over life,—an age "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Hamlet belongs to our time rather than to the day of Shakespeare. His disease is one we know very well. When he says,—

> "How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

he says just what Solomon said, but not from the same motive. It was not a gigantic despair, born of a gigantic selfishness, but it was one which came from the ideal and imaginative nature being developed out of all proportion to the active. If a man is always thinking of great things which may be done, noble deeds, vast creations, a beautiful life to lead, a good character to form, and never begins to *do* anything, he falls at last into a condition like that of Hamlet. The cure for this is to *do* something,—some conscientious, faithful work,—to have some thorough, steady, regular occupation. For, to be always thinking of what ought to be done, and never doing it, is sure to end in despondency and madness at last.

Then in our day two other highly gifted poets have given us the same picture of life-weariness, but springing from yet another root. Goethe, in his "Faust," and Byron, in his "Childe Harold," have painted the malady of the century then passing away. The disease of the eighteenth century was the want of faith. It did not believe in God. I do not mean that it was irreligious: it was sufficiently religious in the sense of attending to religious forms and ceremonies. It built hundreds of churches in England, precise, formal, the image of that religion, the essence of which was propriety; but it believed in religion, not in God. As has been well said, "Instead of having God for its religion, it had religion for its God." The Father, the Friend, the Divine Providence, the Spirit which has its seat in every soul, the Love which moves in the depth of every heart, the Divinity which shapes our ends,—this God had disappeared from the faith of the eighteenth century; and, therefore, the nineteenth was born an orphan child, "without God and without hope in the world." This state of things Goethe painted in his "Faust" and Byron in "Childe Harold." The immense popularity of these two books came from their exposing the condition of many hearts. The first step toward cure was taken when the disease was fully painted. Faust, rich in all genius and knowledge, had lost his childlike faith. The Easter bells and the Easter song of the women and angels touch his heart only through the memory. When they sing outside of his study, "Christ is arisen, the joy of those who love!" Faust replies: "I hear you, O heavenly tones, mighty and tender! I hear the message well, but *faith* is wanting in my heart. My tears flow, but the earth claims me again."

"Without God and without hope in the world," such was the life as well as the song of the greatest English poet of the century, whose wonderful genius uttered only one long wail of despair. On him all gifts of nature and fortune were wholly wasted. To him poetry brought no calm, love no joy, success no peace. His human heart, made for God, and, having no God, broke, because it was so alone in the world.

We have seen what makes life empty. Now let us see what makes it rich and full.

First, plenty of work makes it full. The day-laborer, who lives close to nature in his regularity of toil, who goes out of himself in steady, continuous action, has health and content in his heart, born of daily work. When we pray "Give us to-day our daily bread," we may well pray that it may be given to us in healthy toil. Work is the real bread which comes down from heaven, and is gathered every morning by man, going forth to his labor. Work gives balance and regularity to all the movements of the soul. It drives all diseased fancies out of the mind. The condition, however, is that it shall be really work, not the show of it; that we shall put ourselves wholly into it for the time; that we shall not work mechanically nor reluctantly, but with our thoughts present, our heart in it as well as our hands. To be doing one thing and thinking of something else is very bad for the soul. I have lately been reading the "Biographies of English Iron-workers and Tool-makers" (a most interesting book), by Smiles, in which he describes such men as Bramah and Nasmyth, who put their whole mind into what they did, and so became really heroic characters. From the smut and blackness of the forge and machine-shop they came out the strong leaders of England in its march of civilization. While the aristocracy of the land were wasting its strength in foolish wars of conquest, these men were adding by industrial inventions a hundred million of men to its power and thousands of millions of pounds sterling to its wealth. They are the creators of the strength and wealth of England to-day.

Necessary labor is the great blessing of life to the mass of men, the great educator of character to all men. Labor, into which thought and heart go, is the moral salvation of us all. We can never do without it. In the midst of all care and trial work keeps us healthy and happy. After Nasmyth had invented the steam hammer, which can cut in two a log of iron, weld an anchor, or crack a nut without bruising the meat, he gave up this business and rested himself by making a telescope and studying the heavens, and he has already, within a year or two, made some remarkable discoveries in the solar atmosphere, which Sir John Herschel declares to be among the greatest of the time.

Work, then, makes life rich and full.

But so also does love. Passion, appetite, desire, devastate the soul, and leave it a desert; but love, which goes out of itself, which takes a hearty interest in others, which seeks every opportunity of helping those who need help, which is ingenious in resources to bless and comfort the sorrowing and needy,—this keeps "the world's unwithered countenance fresh as on creation's day." Friendship makes the earth rich and full. To know that there are some souls, hearts, and minds, here and there, who trust us, and whom we trust,—some who know us and whom we know, some on whom we can always rely, and who will always rely on us,—makes a paradise of this great world. O solitary and bereaved hearts, who feel yourselves lonely, believe that there is this solace if you seek it. Go and help in any good work with earnest good will, and you will find that those who are working there in the same spirit have become your friends. Do not seek to be loved, but seek to be and do something really good, and love will come of itself; for here, as always, it is truest that, if you "give, it shall be given you, full measure, pressed down, and running over."

That which makes this earth seem solid and not empty is not the rocks and mountains that are in it, but the love that is in it. The only really solid thing in this universe is love. This makes our life really life. This makes us immortal while we are here. This makes us sure that death is no end, but only a beginning, to us and to all that we love. God showers this blessing on us day by day if we will only receive it. He sends us messages of his love in the morning planets and the rosy clouds of the early day. He sends us messages of love in the fresh air which kisses our cheek, in the sweet little children around our path, in the dear friends who make life full of interest and charm, in the opportunities of usefulness, of improvement, of progress, which come hour by hour, day by day, in all the grand events of history, in the noble struggles of our nation in its hour of trial, in the grand courage of our brothers and sons, going to lay down their lives for their dear motherland. God's infinite love comes to us daily in all these events and opportunities; and how can any one say that "all is vanity" when such inspirations are open to the soul?

Love, therefore, joining hands with faith and work, makes our life rich and full; these three, neither of them alone; work which is done in love, love which is born of faith. And it is a blessed thing that, the longer we

live thus, the more beautiful the world becomes, the more rich and precious our life seems. It is the young who are oftenest tired of life. As we live on, we seem to grow younger, not older; we find ourselves coming nearer to God and man; we grow more like little children in our hearts. Therefore, we see so often that beautiful picture of old age and childhood forming the loveliest friendship,—the old man with white hair and with the wisdom of years treasured up in his large experience, being the companion and best friend of little curly-headed boys and girls, who are never so happy as with him. Beautiful is age when it does not grow hard and cold, but grows evermore full of faith and love. The old man looks backward through a life in which he has learned to know the wonders of nature, to know the heart and thoughts of many varieties of human character, in which he has done his part in the world in his own place, doing faithfully whatever he has done. He looks back over the long perspective, and he sees how kindly God has led him on; how he has been taught by disappointment and success; how he has gone deep into his own heart, gathered up wisdom, become truly free by self-control and self-direction. He sees how he has ceased to think of God as Power and Law, and come to think of him as Friend and Father. And so he wonders that he ever could have been weary of life; so he feels the infinite riches of the universe; so he thanks God, not with words, but in the depths of a happy heart, for the gift of existence; so he looks on all things as God looked on them when he made them, and says, "it is good."

Thus we see how, by true living,

"More and more a providence
Of love is understood;
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good."

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

ST. AGNES.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes,
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.
As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be!

—*Tennyson.*

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

O Thou who lendest to our trust the speeding days of our pilgrimage, yet in whose sight a thousand years are but as a night watch, our times are in Thy hands. Thou leadest on our mortal life to its immortal destiny: Thou shewest us our shortening years in the light of Thine eternity. We thank Thee for the blessings of the year that is ours no more; for the peace and joy of its quiet hours, for the abiding of its sacred memories, for the discipline of its failures We thank Thee yet more for the unstained New Year which Thou callest us now to enter With chastened trust and with consecrated purpose we accept the charge Thou layest upon us. Only do Thou, we beseech Thee, inspire us continually. Awaken us to holier desires, summon us to make our choice, teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. To Thy guardian care we commit the unknown future; amid all its change or doubt we would cling to Thee, who changest not; whatever tasks be intrusted to us we would spend our years in Thy service. O Father, be Thou with us, and bless us in the thoughts of our hearts and the works of our hands, in our rising up and our lying down, in our going out and our coming in, from this time forth and for evermore. Amen.

—*The Christian Life.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange now possesses a headquarters for the transaction of business. In future please send all requests for literature and offers of the same, to be printed in the Book Club, to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

This does not include a request for a book of which the offer has already been printed in the Book Club. If an offer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to be given by Mrs. John Smith, is printed in the Book Club, write directly to Mrs. John Smith.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty" address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

The Springfield Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Sarah W. Ball, 21 Wellesley Street, Springfield, Mass.

Miscellaneous.

"The Old Masters and their Pictures"; "A Listener in Babel"; "Transfiguration of Miss Philura"; "Annie Kilburn," Howells; "Janice Meredith"; "Story of the other Wise Man," Henry Van Dyke; "Walden," H. D. Thoreau; "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin; "Famous Men"; "Hymn and Tune Book"; *Scribner's Magazine* for 1905.

Juvenile.

"Young Folks at Home"; "Wide Awake Pleasure Book"; "Chatterbox" 1883; "Chatterbox Fairy Book"; "Sunshine for Babyland"; "Water Lilies" (stories for children); "Made-up Stories"; "Puss in Boots."

Educational.

"Our World" (first lesson in Geography), Eaton's "Grammar School Arithmetic," "Primer of Greek Literature," "Intermediate Music Reader," "Glee and Chorus Book for High School."

The following books are offered by the Cincinnati Branch. Address Miss Winifred Evans, 3405 Clifton Avenue, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio: Dubbs's "Arithmetical Problems"; "Arithmetic by Grades," for beginners, Books II., III., and IV.; "Word List" (of McGuffey's readers); "Elements of Physics," Norton; "Treatise on Elementary Geometry," Chauvenet; Appleton's "Lessons in Geography for Little Learners"; "First Lessons in Geography," Mary L. Hall; Third and Fourth German Readers.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Educational.

"Introduction to Physical Science"; Mayhew's "Practical Book-keeping"; Child's "Health Primer"; "Book-keeping," Meservay; "Ten Lectures on Art"; "Our Common Birds, and How to Know Them"; "The Greeks and the Persians"; "The Elocutionist's Annual" (No. 12); "A Short Course in Literature"; "Child's Book of Nature" (two volumes); "The Colors of Animals"; Underwood's "Handbook of English Literature"; "Temperance Physiology"; "Introduction to Physical Science"; "The Phonographic Teacher" (five volumes); Kent's "Literature of the English Language"; Jevons's "Logic"; "The Boy's Handy Book of Natural History"; "Illustrated Natural History."

The following books are offered by the Second Church Branch, Salem. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass.

"Outlines of English History"; Prendergast Mastery Series, "German"; "German Principia," Parts I., II.; Macmillan's "Progressive French Course," First Year; "Progressive French Drill Book"; "The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem," Emanuel Swedenborg; "Healthy Homes," F. Jenkins, F. R. S.; "The Turks in Europe," E. A. Freeman; "The Education of Our Boys and Girls," C. W. Eliot; "Religious Training of Our Young People," J. Smith; "Business Enterprise in Religion," Rev. Brooke Herford; "Selections from Browning"; "Language of Flowers"; "Hints to Women on the Care of Property," A. Walker; "The Mysteries of Tobacco," Rev. B. L. Lane; "The Elements of Character," Mary G. Chandler; "Christianity," William Mountford, A.M.; "The Faith that Makes Faithful," W. C. Gannett and J. Lloyd Jones.

REQUESTS.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.)

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I should thank you for any old or odd numbers of magazines. The literature that I have received is passed along that it may do as much good as possible. Mrs. C. H. S. Mixer remembers me regularly with pamphlets and sermons, and I have books given me by the Unitarian Association that have been read by many people for miles around. Thanking you in advance for favors shown, James F. Stigler, Brecksville, Ohio, R.R. No. 1.

2. Will you please send reading to Mrs. May Shuff, Elamsville, Virginia. She resides in a remote neighborhood and does not have many social advantages. She will be glad of magazines, books, pictures, and papers for herself and little children, and will pass on all she receives. Mrs. Evaline Kingery of Vinton, Virginia, would be very glad if some one would send her a Bible; and, after I have thanked you each and all for the reading matter sent to my aunt, Mrs. S. A. Ross, Dodson, Virginia, I would ask that you still remember her, as she is now alone in the world and feels so lonely since her husband's death. I have been a member of the dear Cheerful Letter Society about nine years, and have derived much pleasure and benefit from it. I have one dear friend that never forgets me. To her I would say thank you! Mrs. H. C. Martin, Vinton, Virginia.

3. Mrs. Mattie F. Clark, Stuart, Virginia, asks for any of Miss Alcott's works, also "Stepping Heavenward."

4. Mrs. Clara A. Welch, St. Albans, Maine, a shut-in, will be glad of reading, religious reading preferred.

5. Mrs. Allan Lisherness, Baring, Maine, will appreciate any reading matter.

6. Mrs. Henry Nelson, Critz, Virginia, will be glad of any reading, would particularly like "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

7. Mrs. A. J. McQueen, Rowland, North Carolina, asks for first steps in shorthand, and also first steps in instrumental music.

8. Mrs. De Witt Clay, Perch, Virginia, would like "Bible Stories" for young children.

9. Mrs. Maggie Davis, Wilmington, North Carolina, 1017 Wooster Street, will be glad of magazines.

10. I am a shut-in member. My parents died before I was four years old. Uncle James Adcock, with whom I live, is old and poor, also a widower. Only has an infirm man, sixty-four years old, for a housekeeper. I am paralyzed totally from chest downward. I would be glad to receive a dictionary and a Bible. James M. Wall, Oxford, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 4.

11. Mrs. E. L. Jones, Mansville, Indian Territory, will be very glad of Longfellow's "Poems."

12. A friend of mine, Mrs. Bettie X. Noulin, formerly of Haycock, Virginia, asks me to write a letter of thankfulness to the kind Cheerful Letter friends for the good papers and books sent her by them, and to let them know her husband has moved again. Her address now is Dodson, Virginia. She lives off from any public road, several miles from a church, and a portion of her time has poor health. She would be glad to receive anything interesting in way of reading. I, too, would be delighted to get a letter, a book, or paper, and reading for my children. I am still in poor health, and it is seldom that I visit my neighbors, and how lonesome I am no one knows, unless it is some one who is in like circumstances. (Mrs.) Jennie J. Roberson, Dodson, Virginia.

13. I want to thank you for the books and periodicals you have sent me. The *Cheerful Letter* has been a great source of enjoyment to me. I have secured several friends through it, and I feel that our whole community has been helped through the travelling library. If I am not imposing on your kindness, would you please send me "Frederick the Great and His Family," "Tales of Fashionable Life," "Songs for our Darlings," "Silent Peter," and Christmas books? I shall appreciate the above favors very much. M. Ada Cannaday, Box 46, Floyd, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1.

14. Will you be so very kind as to send me a few magazines and books of any kind, such as "Black Beauty" and "Little Men," as I am not able to buy them and am very fond of reading? Mrs. C. K. Cannaday, Christiansburg, Virginia.

15. Kindly send me "Infelice," by Augusta Evans Wilson, and the "Old Homestead," by Mary Ann Stevens. I will be so much obliged, for I am very lonely, being so much alone. Therefore books are my only companions. Miss Kate Taliaferro, Sweet Briar Institute, Amherst, Virginia.

16. I certainly appreciated the paper which you sent me, and I have read everything in it, and it was very fine. I am fond of papers telling about foreign things, and, if you have a book of early life in America you can loan me, I will return it to you,—any kind of book of early life. Ernest Cook, 927 Vance Street, Greensboro, North Carolina.

17. Mrs. Ennis Pegram, Dellaplane, North Carolina, asks for "Practical Etiquette," "Barriers Burned Away," E. P. Roe, "Opening a Chestnut Burr," E. P. Roe, "The Prodi-

gal Son," Hall Caine, or any good books would be highly appreciated. It has been some time since she has called on the Cheerful Letter friends for reading.

18. "Gentle Measures in Training the Young" is asked for by Mrs. Maggie Bittner, Van Kirk Street, Wissonoming, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

19. Any reading matter will be greatly appreciated by G. S. Clevenger, Copper Centre, Alaska. Mr. Clevenger is in the heart of Alaska, trying to help the Copper River Indians to self-support and save them from suffering. The government has just completed a fine building for them, which is located on the trail where all the travel to and from Fairbanks passes.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE FORGETFUL GIRL.

(*Continued from December number.*)

Among my worst "forgettings" when I was a young girl were omitting to wash *all* the dishes and want of thoroughness in setting the table.

The latter habit clung to me after I was grown up, and I was constantly mortified by having to get up to bring the gravy-ladle, tablespoons, or something else which I had forgotten.

I broke myself of it by writing out a list of everything that ever appeared on our table, —napkins, platters, sauce plates, butter plates, etc. This I tacked to the wall just inside the pantry door, and read it every time I set the table. Of course, some articles, such as soup spoons and fish knives, were only needed at certain meals; but, having to think what was needed, fixed my attention upon it.

The former habit my mother broke me of, though it was almost accidental on her part. It was a matter of course in our family that the children should do the light chores as soon as they were able to work at all. Our kitchen was innocent of modern improvements, and I must confess that we all cooked and washed dishes in the same room, and this method is a great saving of labor. I washed the dishes on the dining-table; but there was a small table near the stove on which the pots, pans, etc., were placed as soon as emptied, and usually some dishes which had been used in cooking. As I stood with my back to that table while washing the china, I would forget all about it until I had washed the dishpan and thrown out the water. As dish water was heated in the kettle, this involved a serious loss of time in heating more. The condition of my going to school was that I should get the dishes washed before it was time to go; or, as I remember mother saying in a moment of absence of mind, "You may go this term if you can get the dishes washed *before breakfast.*" One morning, tired of the oft-repeated caution, "Don't forget the things on the other table," she said sarcastically, "Be sure not to wash anything on the other table." This caused a laugh at my expense, and, I am sorry to say, I put on a look which meant, "I won't, then." As she was very strict in keeping her word, she carried everything herself from one table to the other, and *I washed them all.* Here was a suggestion for me. When water is scarce, as it often is in the country, of course the cleanest things must be washed first. After that I put everything on the large table before I began except the sooty pots and pans, which I *washed first.* In after years I learned that it is a great saving of labor, as well as a help to memory, to wash all cooking utensils as soon as used. It is a great mistake to leave them on the stove half full. Some things, especially Indian mush, get so hard when this is done that the pot must be soaked for a long time before it can be cleaned. If taken off the stove as soon as it is cooked,— and it retains heat for a long time,—it is no trouble.

Mothers, give your daughters credit for knowing their defects and wishing to overcome them. Don't say, "You careless girl! you don't care how much trouble you make for me, you don't try to remember"; but say, "I know, dear, that you try to remember, but you don't know how, and I will try to help you."

Suppose it is your daughter's birthday. Birthdays come often in large families, but I would try to make red-letter days if only by a gift of some useful article not exactly necessary,—a collar, a pair of gloves, or a hair ribbon. Even when these are needed, it gives a touch of festivity to find them under the plate or on the pillow, neatly done up in white paper and tied with a ribbon. In some families birthdays are observed by the child being allowed to choose something for dinner,—a little pudding, apple dumpling, or baked pears,—something not expensive, yet not on the table every day.

Suppose you say pleasantly at breakfast:

"This is Mary's birthday. I am going to make some cake, and I might as well make it a birthday cake. What kind would you like, dear?"

After a moment's reflection Mary says, "I would like one with cocoanut frosting, mamma, if it is not too expensive."

"Cocoanut is quite expensive," says the mother; "but, if you can *remember* to stop at the grocery on your way home from school and get a pound of powdered sugar and a package of grated cocoanut, you shall have it."

Very possibly Mary will come home at noon with a package of cocoanut and a pound of granulated sugar.

"This is not powdered sugar," says the mother. "It is *granulated*, and we have plenty in the house."

"Isn't powdered sugar the same as granulated?" asks Mary.

"No. Powdered sugar is much finer than granulated. It is made expressly for frosting. It is sometimes called frosting sugar. Well, I will do the best I can for you with this; but I am afraid the frosting will peel off."

There is not the slightest reproach or sarcasm in what she says, and she does do her best, not trying to make the cake less inviting than it might be.

When Mary comes home with two friends whom she has permission to invite to tea, her first thought is of the cake.

"Why, mamma, I am sure it looks lovely! Thank you so much, dear mamma, for making it so nice."

But, when the cake is cut, the frosting does peel off, and Mary apologizes to her friends.

"Mamma told me to get powdered sugar, but I went and forgot and got granulated." Her friends assure her that it is a "lovely" cake, that it tastes just as good. Mary goes to bed with a warm feeling of love and gratitude in her heart, and resolves that she will never forget mamma's errands again.

"If I remember when it is for myself, surely I can when it is for such a dear, lovely mother."

K. L. W.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS.

Part II.

Cats are not naturally afraid of dogs; but the males make friends with them more readily than the females, probably because the question of kittens is not involved. Major and Squall were both cronies of a big dog at the stable, and used to lie for hours cuddled close to him; and I have established others on a very good footing with two fox terriers, though there is a double difficulty with that breed. Squall possessed a sort of introverted interest from his stupidity. He was deaf, an unusual infirmity among the many white cats I have known, despite the general belief to the contrary, but he also seemed to be what is called "deficient." He had no sense of time, which the rest have strongly, would come for his dinner at any hour of the day, and go to bed at any hour after dark. He would also get up at any hour and go back to bed again. He showed no sense of fear, though he was not actively courageous, except in ratting and cat fights. He took no notice of anything alien to his natural pursuits, except of piano and violin playing. As soon as the instrument was opened, he would bound to sit beside the player, and remain motionless while the music lasted, his eyes fixed on the fingers which struck the keys or strings; but we were never able to determine whether the sounds penetrated the closed doors of hearing, or whether he was only watching the motions of the hands. He was unusually gentle and affectionate, and never scratched or struck in anger; yet he never learned, as the others did while kittens, to keep his claws sheathed in playing. As he grew older the expression of his eyes, which had been preternaturally entranced and sweet, became vacant, and his face did not change under any circumstances. He was so different from the others in many ways that he produced an impression of witlessness.

He was not the only one of our cats who showed fondness for music, or at least for musical instruments. Two or three others had for some time a habit of sitting beside the person who was playing, and occasionally of walking on the keyboard of the piano when no one was there, and of clawing the strings until they vibrated. None of them, however, kept it up. The only one who has been unmistakably affected by music, though it is impossible to say whether agreeably or the reverse, is Lalla Rookh. When any one sings, with or without accompaniment, she climbs on his lap, purring loudly, rubbing herself against him, and lifting herself toward his face. Whistling excites her still more. She jumps on the knees of the whistler, purr-

ing like a small drum, lies down, but changes her position every instant, rubs her head against his face, and finally lays it against his mouth, so as to put an end to the performance.

Princess left a daughter already full grown, who was a great contrast to her mother in most things. From earliest kittenhood she was so rude, sharp, pert, and altogether unamenable that she was named M'liss, after Mr. Bret Harte's heroine, and so she continued to the end of her life. She was small, but her shape was the perfection of her species. She had a wide-awake face, remarkable strength, and the agility of a monkey. Her movements were often quicker than the eye could follow. She never attached herself deeply to anybody or showed much affection except for her kittens, although when little she received her full share of petting. She remained on friendly terms with the family and acknowledged the acquaintance of the servants, not being so averse from the kitchen as her mother and some of the others. She did not stay there, but went for what she wanted. Her most marked characteristic was independence. She seldom asked for anything except food, got into and out of the house without aid, carried her kittens up and down stairs, and arranged their abodes for herself, sometimes choosing another cat's basket, sometimes installing them in the cellar or greenhouse. She was the only cat I have known to whom the term "clever," as used in America, could be applied. From her first weeks she began to amuse herself, and, although she played with her mother and fellow-kits, she had endless resources of her own. Besides fetching a ball and having it thrown for her,—a game she invented for herself,—she would play with it alone by the hour. Two cords tied to a transverse rod, with little bells at the ends, were her gymnasium. To ring the bells had been a favorite sport of Princess, and M'liss found them ready to hand. She not only diverted herself by jingling them, but, springing from the ground, would seize a cord in each paw and would swing herself to and fro by them.

Another plaything of hers was a penwiper in the shape of a long tassel, made of a dozen skeins of black saddler's silk. There was one in each room of the house, and, when she could not find that belonging to the library, she would run upstairs and return with another, the top in her mouth, the black fringe hanging against her downy white breast. Possibly to avoid tasting the ink she always carried them in this way. One by one she lost eight, but I am bound to say that M'liss lost fewer playthings than any of her family, as one proof of her intelligence was knowing where to find things and another was looking for them. Princess and Czarina would go to the drawers in which their toys were kept, but neither ever looked for more than a minute or two for an object that had disappeared. M'liss regularly "sought" like a dog, and seldom gave up until she found.

I saw her once fish a penwiper from between the leaves of a portfolio in an engraving-stand into which it had fallen, unseen by her, from a powerful toss of her paw. She stood a moment expecting it to drop, then began to seek on the floor, then jumped on the furniture at that end of the room, finally got on the engraving-stand and looked over it keenly,—there were several large albums and portfolios in it,—and at last plunged her paw between the covers and drew forth the penwiper. There was a table-cover fringed with worsted balls larger than walnuts, which she used to swing and knock about, and one day she made up her mind to have one. She deliberately set about pulling it off with her claws and teeth. It did not come off easily, but she persevered and at last succeeded. She played with it for weeks, always seeming to know where to find it, until she took it out of doors and lost it in the grass. Soon afterward she pulled off another, which lasted her for a long time. When that was lost she took another, and in the course of years all of them.—*S. B. Wister.*

(*To be continued.*)

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

(*Continued from last number.*)

The state of his daughter Constance's health made wintering abroad a necessity. . . .

On the fourteenth of January the health of Lady Constance was restored sufficiently to allow her removal by easy stages to San Remo. There were pressing duties awaiting Lord Shaftesbury in England, and, therefore, as soon as his daughter was convalescent, he left her with Lady Shaftesbury at San Remo and set his face homewards. . . .

Lord Shaftesbury entered upon his May meeting work this year with a sorrowful spirit. The anniversary of his seventieth birthday had passed. He had begun to feel the weight of years, and the question had

arisen in his mind whether he should persevere or forbear in his "platform career." . . .

The month of July brought with it little of summer gladness. The physicians had pronounced that a sojourn in the Riviera for the winter was absolutely necessary for the health of Lady Constance. It was, in fact, her only human chance of life. This dashed to the ground all the plans that Lord Shaftesbury had made "to organize a general Christian movement," and to make up for the inactivity of the previous winter. But this was not all. His youngest son Cecil was seized with an alarming illness, and for many days and nights lay hovering between life and death; and, from constant watching and intense anxiety, Lady Shaftesbury also fell ill. On the day when two physicians had given the first decided words of encouragement, the following characteristic entry occurs in his Diary:—

"*July 28th.*—Ran to Whitechapel to-day to see the little piece of stranded sea-weed—a small, poor, parentless girl of eight years old, whom God, in his goodness, has manifestly intrusted to my care. Sent her in emigration to Canada with a religious family. May the Lord preserve her, and bless her in body and soul!"

As the result of the inquiries instituted by the Children's Employment Commission, remedial measures were passed to benefit children and young persons in various departments of trade; but, by a technical difficulty, children employed in brick-fields were excluded from the protection of these measures, while those employed in pottery and porcelain works were included.

Of course Lord Shaftesbury could not rest until this manifest injustice was set right, and on the 11th of July he moved an address on the subject in the House of Lords. He stated that there were about 3,000 brickyards in this country, and that the number of children and young persons employed in them amounted to nearly 30,000, their ages varying from three and one-half to seventeen. A large proportion of these were females, and the hours during which they were kept to their monstrous toil were from fourteen to sixteen per day.

Lord Shaftesbury gave the testimony of his own experience in these words:—

"I went down to a brickfield and made a considerable inspection. On approaching, I first saw at a distance what appeared like eight or ten pillars of clay, which I thought were placed there in order to indicate how deep the clay had been worked. On walking up, I found to my astonishment that these pillars were living beings. They were so like the ground on which they stood, their features were so indistinguishable, their dress so besoiled and covered with clay, their flesh so like their dress, that, until I approached and saw them move, I believed them to be products of the earth. When I approached, they were so scared at seeing anything not like themselves that they ran away screaming, as though something satanic was approaching. I followed them to their work, and there I saw what Elihu Burritt has so well described. I saw little children, three-parts naked, tottering under the weight of wet clay, some of it on their heads and some on their shoulders, and little girls with large masses of wet, cold, and dripping clay pressing on the abdomens. Moreover, the unhappy children were exposed to the most sudden transitions of heat and cold; for, after carrying their burdens of wet clay, they had to endure the heat of the kiln, and to enter places where the heat was so fierce that I was not myself able to remain more than two or three minutes. Can it be denied that in these brickfields men, women, and children, especially poor female children, are brought down to a point of degradation and suffering lower than the beasts of the field? No man with a sense of humanity or with the aspirations of a Christian could go through these places and not feel that what he saw was a disgrace to the country and ought not for a moment to be allowed to continue. Therefore, my lords, I hope that not a day will be permitted to pass until an address is sent up to the Queen praying Her Majesty to take the condition of these poor people into her gracious consideration, in order that such abominations may be speedily brought to an end."

The prayer was granted, and children in brick-fields at length came under the beneficent protection of the law.

The old habit of self-analysis—a habit injurious to some, but helpful to others—was never abandoned by Lord Shaftesbury, and at seventy as at twenty-seven we find him closing the year with a remarkable review of his past life and an examination into his present state.

"*Dec. 22d.*—I am seventy years of age and six months. My eyesight is very good, requiring glasses only for reading. I am somewhat deaf. I sleep well, walk easily though not very far without fatigue. Am tolerably erect, and have very few gray hairs.

Whatever mind I ever had I think I retain. Memory may be—I am not quite sure—a little weakened. Doubtless it is so in respect of getting things by heart. Am generally calm and collected, though oftentimes in high spirits and oftentimes exceedingly low. Yet in neither extreme do I alter the opinions I have formed. I do not, of course, as I used to do, look forward constantly to some fresh thing to be achieved. I estimate obstacles more accurately, and confess the very short time at command. I have, nevertheless, projects, and it is pleasant to indulge them, though I may never be able to execute them. My feelings are as vivid and as keen as in my youth on all subjects, I may say, except in cases of neglect or affront. Here, of course, I am not pleased; but I accept the matter, as the French say, a *fait accompli*, and there the question ends. . . .

"*Dec.* 31*st.*—Have been thinking lately of past career and present position, and am astonished how I went through one and now stand in the other. In knowledge of all kinds behind my chief contemporaries, without pretence to literary attainments (though with an immense fondness for them). Intellectually not strong, over-anxious for success, over-fearful of failure, easily exalted, as easily depressed, with a good deal of ambition and no real self-confidence. Weak in debate and incapable of any effort without some preparation: a poor and ineffective orator, though foolishly desirous of being a great one. Yet I have had successes,—great successes,—successes for a time the memory of which has passed away. How were they attained? I know not. The only qualities I can claim for myself are feeling, perseverance, and conviction. These, I suppose, have, under God, brought me to the position I now hold, —a position of notoriety and even of reputation. I am greatly indebted, generally speaking, to the press. Throughout my career much assailed, reviled, calumniated by every one without exception at times; but the greatest preponderance is on the side of support, specially the *Times*, to whose aid I attribute many a prosperous issue. . . . But feeling, perseverance, and conviction, which would be very useful to a young man at the outset of his career, would be of small avail to an old one at the close of it. What, then, is my stock-in-trade for the duties of next session, which is nearly as much as I dare hope for—I must not say 'calculate' on? Well, so far as I can estimate, they are remnants of intellectual power, remnants of influence, remnants of doings considered as past services, remnants of zeal, all backed by a certain amount of public forbearance." . . .

Although in some respects Lord Shaftesbury was a proud man, in other respects he had not a particle of pride in him. On the grand occasion of the army encamping on his estate, he set forth in his little open carriage to meet the general and his staff. On the way he met an old woman hobbling along. He at once stopped her, gave her his place in the carriage, and himself mounted the box! In this way he drove up to the spot where he was to be received with all military honors as Lord Lieutenant of the county, in absolute unconsciousness that there was anything singular in the manner of his arrival.

There is evidence in the Diary that a great weight was upon the spirit of Lord Shaftesbury. He was depressed and dejected. An undefined foreshadowing of evil rose "vaporous, like the night mist over meadow lands." He gives no expression to any presentiment. He utters no word of foreboding, and yet for many months there are traces of a shrinking from some unknown cup of sorrow awaiting him.

"As the sun,
Ere it is arisen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

It was so in Lord Shaftesbury's case, and in nothing was it more plainly expressed than in the exquisite tenderness with which he clung to the warm, glowing love of the one who had made his home bright and beautiful for so many years; who had entered with affectionate zeal into all his plans and purposes, and especially those which lay nearest his own heart for the welfare of neglected and desolate little ones; who had stimulated his faith by her own piety; who had smoothed the ruggedness of his path by her own self-sacrifice and self-devotion; and who had been, as he often said, "God's best gift to him." Thus, when he visits Panshanger, her early home, he writes:—

"*May* 28*th.*—Panshanger. The place is beautiful, but it makes me very melancholy. What changes! How many have passed from the face of the earth! Not only those who were dear to me, but so many notorious in politics, literature, society. Forty years have passed since I first knew it. The seven first I lived here, when in the country, almost exclusively. They were happy years, and

God knows that my dear and precious wife has done her best to make the end as joyous as the beginning."

On the anniversary of his wedding day his whole heart is poured out in tender affection in the following passage:—

"*June* 10*th*.—To-day my wedding day! Forty-one years ago was I united to that dear, beautiful, true, and affectionate darling, my blessed Minny. What a faithful, devoted, simple-hearted, and captivating wife she has been and is to me! And what a mother! Ah, Lord, give me grace to thank thee evermore and rejoice in thy goodness. Send forth thy Holy Spirit on us, and lead us yet in the way of service, obedience, and love! But she is still absent! God in thy mercy bring her home speedily and safely, and with her my poor, precious, suffering Conty!" . . .

That prayer was answered. The mother and daughter returned speedily and safely, but in the face of the invalid the sentence of death was written. It was necessary for her to go almost immediately to Malvern. While there, overstrung by excessive watchfulness and nursing, the health of Lady Shaftesbury gave way. As soon as she was able to bear the journey, she returned to London, where, with her constitutional strength and the change of air, it was thought she would soon be restored to health.

For some days after this Lady Shaftesbury appeared to be rapidly regaining health, and on the fourteenth of October she was able to take the air in a short carriage drive. But in the evening there was a serious relapse.

"*Oct.* 15*th* [1872].—Minny, my own Minny, is gone. God took her soul to himself at about twelve o'clock this morning. She has entered into her rest, and has left us to feel the loss of the purest, gentlest, kindest, sweetest, and most confiding spirit that ever lived. O my God, what a blow! But we bow before thee in resignation and sorrow. Almost her last words were: 'None but Christ! None but Christ!' . . . What a placable spirit! What a power to forgive, and what a sublime power to forget! Somehow or other her heart could not retain the impression of an affront or a harshness. What do I not owe to her and to thee, O God, for the gift of her?"

On the 19th of October the remains of Lady Shaftesbury were committed to the grave in the little village church of Wimborne, St. Giles. A simple tablet near the family pew bears a tribute, "To the Memory of a wife as good, as true, and as deeply beloved as God, in his undeserved mercy, ever gave to man."

From Her Majesty, the Queen, who wrote a most kind and touching autograph letter to the humble ragged-school teacher and the illiterate coster, expressions of sympathy poured in upon Lord Shaftesbury.

When the devoted mother, who had watched her suffering child with unwearying solicitude, was called away, it seemed impossible that Lady Constance Ashley could survive the shock. But she rallied, and then her only hope of recovery, the physicians said, was on the shores of the Mediterranean.

It would be irreverent to add a single word to the simple and touching beauty of the following narrative:—

"*Oct.* 26*th*.—Mentone, Mentone, say the doctors; but how get her there? How find her strength for the long and fatiguing journey? How get her across the water in wind and rain? We are painfully harassed. God be gracious to us, and shine upon us, and open a way for our escape. O Christ, hear me! . . .

"*Nov.* 1*st*.—To St. Giles on 1st for business, sad, solitary, and silent. . . . When dark, crept into the church, and prayed to God in peace, though not in happiness, near her dear resting-place. . . .

"*Nov.* 13*th*.—Mentone. Journey very tedious and very sorrowful. Arrived here still more sorrowful. I could admire nothing, enjoy nothing, for she was not here to share it with me. Conty well, and not tired. If the Lord will, I must live for her sake. How sad, how forlorn, how isolated, in her sick state! No attention, no kindness, no sympathy of any relative can approach that of a mother,—and such a mother! But let us give God true and everlasting praise that he has so touched her heart by his holy spirit as to make her resigned, meek, patient in tribulation, rejoicing in hope, and full of faith. She looks to heaven and sees her blessed mother there, and not in the cold and silent grave.

"*Dec.* 1*st*.—Sunday. More than a week to-day of deep anxiety Conty, my blessed Conty, attacked by inflammation of the liver. The fever now gone, by God's mercy, but the weakness is terrible. The precious child is ripe for heaven,—resigned, meek, patient, loving, and full of faith in her adorable Saviour. And yet my flesh cries, Stay, stay, stay! Not so she. She is ready, nay, almost desirous to be gone.

"*Dec. 6th.*—At no time so deep the sensation of being left alone as at sunset. But the promise of our Lord, and the enjoined prayer, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,' reunite us. How do I bless his holy name that he had put it into her dear heart thus to pray.

"*Dec. 12th.*—How wonderful and how solitary, as I look at the setting sun, and remember that my Min, my precious Min, is gone from me never to return! But may I not say, and hope with David, 'I shall go to her, though she will not return to me'? Blessed, dearest, truest, tenderest of women! God's precious and most merciful gift to me.

"*Dec. 16th.*—At half past one this day God took the soul of my blessed Conty to himself. Never was a death so joyous, so peaceful. Heaven itself seemed opened before her eyes. 'Christ is very near me,' she said, and, when I reminded her of her mother's favorite line, 'Simply to thy cross I cling,' she expanded her hands, her whole face beamed with the liveliest, happiest smile I ever saw, and she inclined her head toward me in assent quite exulting. What an end! How certain her eternal bliss! How certain the wish of her heart to join her precious mother! It is almost impossible to weep even for ourselves when we think of it, so truly blessed is her state, so wonderful her departure from this world. But, O God, to us, what a loss? and specially to Hilda and Cecil! What a loss! My God, have mercy upon them. They are young, and I am old.

"*Dec. 18th.*—Preparing for departure as soon as possible. God grant to-morrow. It is a beautiful place, and I wish the people every blessing. But I return with joy. And yet it is endeared to me because Minny and Conty loved it. . . .

"Half an hour or more before her death she became suddenly quite herself, as in days of strength and of joy. She sat up in bed, her face was radiant with inward pleasure, she spoke to every one around. 'Dearest papa,' said the blessed child, 'do not give way. I want to bless you now for all that you have taught me.' Darling girl, she taught me, in one half hour, more than I had imparted in her whole life. Cecil, not knowing it to be a text of special charm to her, said, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' 'Oh, yes, oh, yes,' she replied, all beaming with delight, 'thank you, thank you.' Then it was that I quoted her mother's song, 'Simply to Thy Cross I cling,' and then it was that she seemed to be already an angel. Soon after she exclaimed, 'I know that I am going to die, for I feel so happy.' With these words she fell into a soft sleep. In a short time she was gone, and no one could mark the moment of departure. 'I have seen many death-beds of holy Christian people,' said the nurse, 'but I have never seen anything approaching to this. I can only call it angelic.' And so it was. And were there not angels present? Might they not have waited to carry her, as they carried Lazarus? Was her blessed mother there? Was our own most dear Lord far off? She said, 'Christ is very near.' She must, I think, have perceived something that we did not.

"I will ever maintain that this was a striking and special mercy vouchsafed by Almighty God, not only to mitigate our sorrow, but positively to raise us into joy. Neither speech nor writing can adequately describe what it was. The sudden change was like a resurrection. She seemed, as it were, inspired; and it is no exaggeration to say that, with the calmness of Heaven around her, her face actually shone.

"*Dec. 28th.*—London. Yesterday consigned to the grave in the vault at St. Giles's the remains of my precious, beloved, angelic daughter. The day dark and gloomy; but, as we started on the procession, the sun came out, like a smile from Heaven, and retired again when all was over. Whether special or not, I bless God for the cheerful sign."—*From "The Life of Shaftesbury," by Hodder.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her brother, James Freeman Clarke.

SALEM, Dec. 31, 1837
(and Jan. 1, 1838).

My dear James,—On this last day of the year I must write to you. I am in Salem, paying a visit of a week to the Peabodys.* Sophia begged me to remember her to you in my letter. She is in the same delicate state of health, only more susceptible and requiring more careful nursing and seclusion than ever. She has her room full of pictures and casts, managed and adjusted to the best advantage; and I have seen many a drawing-room full of the costliest furniture and even pictures and statues of marble where

* Mrs. Hawthorne, Mrs. Mann, and Miss Elizabeth Peabody.

the eye was less gratified and the taste more offended than in the chamber of this poor invalid who has nothing to spend in luxury. Her sense of beauty has been cultivated to a high degree, so that she detects the presence of it where another never would suspect its existence. The fragment of a bas-relief, a cast of Apollo's head, a flower or a bunch of dried grass, a graceful sketch, or almost anything she can get hold of, ministers to this appetite which must have beauty for its feed; and a ray of sunshine streaming across the room and falling on a rudely lithographed Madonna of Raphael will please her for hours.

I began this letter about two hours ago, and, stopping to write something else, behold, it has become next year,—eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. You have been preaching this afternoon, I suppose, on the parting year, and I wish I had heard you instead of Mr. Sewall of Danvers, who contrived to *blunt* my perceptions of the fleetingness of time and its value. This morning I heard Mr. Henry Ware preach for the Evangelical Missionary Society, and they said it was very good; but somehow or other I am at present pervaded and dissolved by one idea,—that is, Emerson, or *man thinking*. On Wednesday evening I hear what he utters: it is called a lecture, but its true name is a poem, not merely poetic prose, but a poem without fetters, a thing which harmoniously unfolds according to its own nature and laws,—full of wisdom, full of meaning, and clothed in words so fit, so sweet, so living, that they seem like new words never used before. Indeed, it is as if he spoke in a new language made for him, quite fresh and unworn. For this reason it is not possible to carry away what he says unless you have a remarkable memory for words. And who would be required to remember a recited poem? A piece of it is nothing, yet the diamond chain of thought is so fine that not all can see it, and those who cannot receive it in glittering fragments, and go away saying that they have lost it all.

It is plain how he has acquired this remarkable beauty of diction. It must be the fruit of that integrity which discards all superfluities and which seeks back the original meaning of the word to its root, and thus clears it from the rust of centuries, and sharpens and brightens it. And thus, too, he discovers what are good works; for only true steel will bear such severe burnishing.

The finest of the four lectures that I have heard was that on "The Power of Thought," —on the effect that culture has on this function of the soul and the discipline it requires. It was really sublime as a whole. At the end of it he gives these two rules which I remember so nearly in his own words that I will give them to you; and yet I had better not, for I mean to send you all I remember when I have opportunity. But I will tell you the rules. The first is to sit alone. Consider it a necessary of life to have an apartment where you can be alone every day, even if to do so you must sell your coat and wear a blanket. This reminded me what an interruption I must have been to you last winter. I did not remember that I ought not to interrupt you all the time with my presence as I did, and I now remember that you sometimes seemed to wish it and asked me to leave you. And this year I suppose you are more alone than you need. The other rule is to keep a journal. "Pay so much regard to the visits of truth as to record them, and never omit to secure your related thoughts in this way." This, to be sure, has always been recommended by every teacher to every learner, and yet it comes with new force from him. You perceive he means purely a journal of the intellect, never of the feelings. It is for this reason that I have always found it impossible to keep a journal, that I so detested a record of the feelings and that part of self which passes away, and I did not think of such a one as this. It must be a very useful habit to one who is called on to give out thought all the time as you are, and I know that you do it somewhat, but I believe not systematically. Another short passage I will give as I have it: "The most interesting inquiry to us is, how we can come into possession of our inheritance, which is *truth*. I answer, by sincerity. If we express honestly and fully that which is within us, we shall then start from a new point. The universal law of God seems to be, Use all the truth you have, and you shall have more."

It is quite ridiculous. I began one letter, and, having filled it with Emerson, laid it aside, thinking I would write to you about something else on New Year's Day, and here I have written another just as bad. I thought I would say only a little about him, and now I will stop.

I had intended by this time to have painted some of my Western views in oils, but these

lectures take up half my time and all my thoughts; but I shall not lose by it. Is it not the characteristic of a true work of art that it takes you captive for the time, and carries you out of yourself, that it may restore you to yourself raised and improved? Who is it that says this? Mr. Emerson quoted my favorite maxim from Goethe: "In Design the soul gives utterance to some portion of her inward being, and the highest mysteries of creation are precisely those which, as far as relates to their fundamental plan, rest upon design and modelling. These are the language in which she reveals them."

Next Wednesday I expect to see William Channing.* He is in Boston trying to get some employment and has left his wife in New York with her father. They say that he is overflowing with democracy and Brownsonism, but full of life. Add to this that he has just come from preaching in Philadelphia, and that they were tired of his preaching there, and that his brother-in-law, Dr. Higginson, has gone West, and that his mother means to go, and the conclusion is pretty clear that he had better go to Louisville and help you as minister-at-large, associate editor, and brotherly friend. I am going to talk with him about it.

And now, my dear brother, let me wish you a happy New Year, and may the coming time unfold to you more and more of those heavenly treasures which we begin to see are the immortal flowers of a mortal life. This month I shall be thirty years old; and, though I must feel that the last fifteen years ought to have produced much fruit from many opportunities, yet I have not lived in vain if I have gained somewhat myself, and I am sure that I have. The sweet fruit of a little experience is mine. I am reconciled to the ways of God and to the presence of evil in his world. My love for him is more enlightened than at first, and more undisturbed than in the middle period of my life; that is, more unclouded is my view of his goodness, and, if a thousand years should pass without a new blessing, I ought not to complain, though I dare not say that I should not.

* William Henry Channing.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ANAGRAM.

For the *Cheerful Letter*.

Lo! ye play at a new harp. K. L. W.

II.

LORD MACAULAY'S LAST RIDDLE.

Let us look at it quite closely;
'Tis a very ugly word,
And one that makes us shudder
Whenever it is heard.
It may be very wicked,
It must be always bad,
And speaks of sin and suffering,
Enough to make one mad.

They say it is a compound word,
And that is very true;
And, when we decompose it
(Which, of course, we are free to do)
If from the letters we take off
And sever the first three,
It leaves the nine remaining ones
As sad as they can be;
For, though it seems to make it less,
It really makes it more,
For it takes the whole creation in,
Which it left out before.

Let's try if we can mend it,
'Tis possible we may,
If only we divide it
In some new fangled way;
Instead of three and nine then,
Let's make it four and eight;
You'll say it makes no difference,
At least not very great.
But only see the consequence,
That's all that need be done
To change the mass of sadness
To unmitigated fun.

It clears off swords and pistols,
Revolvers, bowie knives
And all the horrid weapons,
By which men lose their lives.
It wakens better feelings,
And how joyfully is heard
The native sound of gladness
Compressed into one word!
Yes, four and eight, my friend,
Let that be yours and mine,
While all the host of demons,
Rejoice in three and nine.

III.

CHARADE.

I am a word of three syllables. My first means not. My second is a German article. My third is to be erect. My whole is to comprehend.—*Youth.*

IV.

CONCEALED PROVERB.

In each of the following sentences a word is concealed. When the words are guessed and read in the order given, they will form a well-known proverb.

1. Did you buy a new hat yesterday?

2. No, I bought one Wednesday afternoon.

3. Have you seen the boys' new club-room?

4. Charles weeps if I mention it to him. It is so uncomfortable.

5. When do your uncle and aunt arrive? *Selected.*

V.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is a wish-bone like a great French general?

2. What was the first present that Eve gave Adam after leaving Paradise?

3. What is the greatest bore in the United States?—*Selected.*

VI.

What words of the English language have two meanings just opposite to each other?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

I. Greeting; Months; Fast: Wondered; Enough; Last; Year; End; Both; You all; A Merry Christmas; A Happy New Year.

II. Ye who have scorned another
Or injured friend or brother,
Forget your scorning now.
Let sinned against and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning
Beneath the holly bough.
—*Charles Mackay.*

III. Esther viii. 9.

IV. Earnest (ear nest.)

V. MILE.
IDOL.
LOAM.
ELMS.

VI. Take the letter v, prefix pea and make peevey; prefix Lee and make levee; prefix gray, and make gravy; prefix sea, and make Seavey.

MONTHLY REPORT

The December meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange was held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, on December 1. Mrs. Kennedy presided and proposed several changes for the meetings, which should make them more interesting and helpful. In future the reports of the chairman for the month's work are to be left with the secretary in writing, and the time usually taken for their reading devoted to questions and topics more interesting.

The chairman requested any one having a question she would like answered to leave it with her at the close of the meeting, to be answered at the following meeting by some one found in the mean time who could speak from experience on the subject.

The chairman requested any one having anything important to bring before the meeting to speak of it to her when she came in, that she might be sure to find them an opportunity. It was announced that headquarters had been established at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, where the assistant secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, would always be found on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays. Hereafter all communications should be sent to Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The chairman reported that back numbers of the *Cheerful Letter* could be obtained at headquarters for free distribution. Also cook-books suitable for sending in travelling libraries or barrels. Five hundred *Christian Registers* were also offered, with the suggestion that they be used for scrap-book clippings or envelopes sent to invalids.

The subject for the morning was "Methods of Work." Miss Fry of Marlboro, Mrs. Parker of the First Church, Boston, and Miss Macomber of Framingham gave interesting accounts of their work. It is regretted that space will not admit of a longer report.

At the next meeting, on January 5, the subject will be "Christmas Work."

LILY BLUNT PORTER,
Assistant Secretary.

The next meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Friday, January 5, at 10.30 A.M. All interested cordially invited.

Rev. John Askin, Pierre, South Dakota, will be glad to receive good books for lending, whether bound or unbound. He has at present as many magazines as he can use.

The Editor will send the back numbers, containing extracts from the "Life of Lord Shaftesbury" to any minister who would like to read them. Address Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.